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ANS

WHISPER

TO

A BRIDE.

BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

SECOND EDITION.

HARTFORD:
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WHISPER TO A BRIDE.

INTRODUCTION.

THOU, who a joyous sentinel dost stand,
  Fast by her side, so soon thine own to be,
Exulting in the pressure of her hand,
  And sunny smile, confiding bent on thee.

Say,—may I whisper to her, ere she speak
  The irrevocable vow in nuptial hour?
Yet let no jealous fear distain thy cheek,
  For I am old,—nor have the wish, nor power

To win away one fond thought's pligh
So, if thou grant my boon, I 'll prom
In our brief interval of sweet discourse
To prompt no mischief, and no harn

Wilt hear my whisper, Bride? Oh!
dear,
Nought save the breath of love should
affianced ear.

WHITHER?

Trusting One, whither wilt thou follow thy beloved? From the nest where thou wert reared? from the hearth-stone, where thy first affections grew? to take thy place at his board, and to beautify a new home, with the love that never dies?

Whither? To a dwelling among strangers? where eyes that never met thee, shall gaze curiously upon thee? or forms that thou hast never seen, pass thee unnoticed by? For his sake wilt thou twine the tendrils of friendship around untried props, and wait in the patience of hope for the buddings of sympathy?

But whither wilt thou follow thy beloved? Over the rugged mountains? to the fresh green West? to the far-stretching prairie? to the sultry southern skies? to the margin of the great lakes? to the village creeping from the heart of the forest? or the thronged city, whose roofs shut out the blue sky?

Whither? Over the ocean? upon the crested billow? where seas and skies mingle in misty line, and at the trump of hoarse winds, the terrible waves come forth to their tempestuous play?

Whither? To foreign lands? to the islands of the sea? to people of a strange language, whose words are to thine ear a confusion of unmeaning sounds, and in whose heart are no

memories of those whom thou hast loved from infancy?

Whither? Among the heathen, who know not God? to bear to their downcast souls the melody of the Gospel? and to tell their untaught babes of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me?"

And the bride-heart, strong in its holy love, answered, "Whither *he* goeth, I will go; where he lodgeth will I lodge; his people shall be my people, and his God my God.

Where he dieth will I die, and there will I be buried: The Lord do so to me, and more, also, if aught but Death part him and me."

THE TREE OF LOVE.

To bless a fair domestic bower,
There rose a tree of healing power,
Its leaflets damp with gentle rain,
Could soothe or quell the pang of pain;
And 'neath its shade a maiden grew,
Who shar'd its fruit and drank its dew.

Oft at her side a youth was seen,
With ardent glance and noble mien,
At twilight hour a favor'd guest,
Her yielding hand he warmly press'd;
At length with guileless heart and free,
She said, "I'll plant the hallow'd tree."

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She said, "I'll plant the hallow'd tree."

Her little brother climb'd her knee,
"You must not go away from me,
The evening prayer with me you say,
And lull me when I'm tired of play:"
But though her eye with tears was dim,
She sigh'd, "I'll plant that tree for him."

"Its roots are deep," the mother said,
"Beyond the darkling grave they spread."
"Thy hand is weak," the father cried,
"Too young thou art to be a bride."
Serene she spake, "I look above
For strength to plant the tree of love."

Before the holy priest she stood,
Her fair cheek dyed with rushing blood,
And as with hands to heaven displayed,
Strong vows upon her soul he laid.
Her heaving breast, like fluttering bird,
Its snowy mantle wildly stirred.

But when the sacred cirque of gold,
Of deathless love the promise told,
Mysterious power her spirit felt,
And at the altar's foot she knelt;
"My God! my God! I'll cling to thee,
And plant of love, the blessed tree."

Around their home its branches spread,
Its buds she nursed, its root she fed,
Though flaunting crowds, with giddy look
Of toil so meek, slight notice took,
Yet hovering angels marked with pride
The green tree of the blessed bride.

THE BRIDE'S CASKET.

HE Angel who watcheth over those
are about to unite their hearts and
ls in the fear of God, hovered near
who was soon to become a bride.
ıe sat alone in her chamber, and
ɔd, and he was beside her, but she
v it not. He looked into her guile-
eyes, and saw as through clear glass,
novement of her thoughts, and heard
· unspoken communings.
Wherewith shall I adorn myself
n I stand forth in the solemn rite,
I may please him in whom my soul
ghteth, and the friends, also, who
e thither to do us honor?"

Then the Angel smiled, and p
out in a Holy Book that lay open l
side, "Can a maid forget her ornai
or a bride her attire?" And his
was so gentle, that it seemed :
zephyr among the flowers at he
dow.

"O Bride! be not studious tc
thyself in costly array. Troubl
thine heart about the silks of the
chant, or the gems of the lapida
the fashions of the tirewoman,
pride of gorgeous apparel.

If these are fitting for thee, c
them at other times, but not at thi
For it is a sacred festival, and a
the pure bride there is ever a mai
dignity, that needs not tinsel or
pings, but is debased thereby.

The highest guest at the mai

rite, is the Being who hath ordained it. Look thou first unto Him, and be clothed with humility.

Angels will hover near. Therefore wrap thyself in purity, that they may leave on thy brow the smile which hath no self in it. For that is their badge, and thou art but a little lower than they.

And in the eyes of him who shall stand nearest thy side at the bridal, and of the friends who gather around, modesty and simplicity are thy true ornaments. "The topaz of Ethiopia cannot equal them, neither shall they be exchanged for jewels of fine gold."

So, the gentle one, who deemed that she had been listening only to her own sweet thoughts, made answer as they prompted her.

"I will wear a simple white robe, with the bridal veil, and my only jewels shall be the snowy flowers. Thus shall my heart be more free to rise upward, whence its strength cometh."

Then the Angel revealed himself, and laid a casket beside her, saying, "Blessed art thou of the Lord! Behold a gift from heaven! Take it, and become more like unto us."

So she opened the casket, and in it was but one fair gem. It was the pearl of a loving and lowly spirit. And as she pressed it to her lips, and laid it on her bosom, there came forth a voice,

"O, Bride! seek more and more the beauty of holiness. So shalt thou be lovely unto the angels, and accepted of Him whose messengers they are. And

hen the comeliness of earth departeth,
ıou shalt receive a crown of glory that
ın never fade away."

FAREWELL.

ɔund for the far green West, farewell! fare-
well!
Bright be the journey of this life to thee,
nd o'er its joys no wrathful tempests swell,
If such the pleasure of our Father be.

ıt yet, forget us not, Oh blessed bride!
Old friends and true, on dear New England's
breast,
ho' round thy home may mightier rivers glide,
And loftier mountains lift their heavenward
crest.

Forget us not, for 'mid the quiet bowe
Where thou wert fondly rear'd by
stream,
And proudly number'd with our fairest
Thine image like a changeless g
gleam:

And when at altar-side or hearth we b
Still with the tender prayer thy treasu
shall blend.

THE MARRIAGE.

A PAIR, who had chosen each other from all the world, passed up the aisle of the lighted church. A bridal train followed, and the gathering crowd was hushed, as they gazed upon them.

Beautiful was that gentle being, in her pure white robes,—a bride adorned for her husband. Her transparent veil floated gracefully, and through the folds were seen, amid her rich tresses, flowers like snow, and on her cheek a tremulous tinge, like the opening of the damask rose-bud.

They stood reverently at the altar, before a man of God, in priestly vest-

ments. And the books were op
And solemn charge was given the
unto those who must answer a
dread day of judgment, when the s
of all hearts shall be disclosed.

Then of him, by whose side wa
fair and trusting one, the pries
manded,—"Wilt thou love her, co
her, honor and keep her, in sicknes
health, and forsaking all others,
thee only unto her, as long as ye
shall live?" Firm and fervent w
voice that answered, "I will."

And to the bride he said, conce
him who was to be her husband,—'
thou obey him, and serve him,
honor, and keep him, in sickness a
health, and forsaking all others,
thee only unto him, as long as ye
shall live?" Her lips moved, an

faint, far-off music, sighed the melody of promise.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" Then came forth the father, and to another's care entrusted the plant that had been so fondly cherished. Freely, and with an approving brow, he made the gift; but who looked into his heart? or that of the mother? when the signet-ring stamped its thrilling motto—"Ours no more."

They put a ring upon the hand of the bride. And she bowed her head like a lily, as the blessing fell upon the two that were made one. Then, there was deep silence,—for they knelt in the prayer that hath no words.

So, they arose and went their way, to share earth's changeful lot, until the grave openeth. Every face smiled upon

them, and the lips of loving kindred breathed benisons of joy. A spirit, tender and solemn, such as fills the eyes with pleasant moisture, lingered amid the holy temple, after they departed.

Methought a vow so sacred, so sublime, blending the dearest hopes of this frail life with the sanctities of religion, were most fitly spoken in the house of God. Even the echo, "*till death us do part,*" saddened not the scene, but like a softened shadow passing over the sunny landscape, made its lights more subdued and perfect.

Again, I was bidden to a marriage. In the home where she was reared, stood up a fair creature, with the bloom of youth upon her brow. Clustering curls fell in rich masses over her neck,

and in her girdle were white rosebuds, her only jewels.

Friends encircled her, and flowers, glowing in vases, from every nook, filled the air with perfume. She seemed on that isthmus between the child and the woman, where innocence and strength gracefully meet,—like morning blushing into day.

Beside her, stood a manly form, a prop to the slender reed. A holy man, who served at the altar, bade them take each other by the hand, and exhorted them in the name of God, to live together according to His law, and to love each other with a tender love.

So when he had sealed their covenant by prayer, he pronounced them to be man and wife, and forbade that any should put them asunder. Then came

the widowed mother to embrac
daughter, and yield to another's l
that which had been so tenderly r
upon her own.

When the bride bowed to ki
two little sisters, she saw in the
upon their cheeks a tear-drop,
pearl among coral. For they had
that she was to leave them for a
home, and had asked sadly of
other, "Who now will make the d
for our dolls? and in our walks,
the names of all the plants? and
us say our prayers, when we lie
to sleep at night?"

Then feebly approached her, ar
man, with silver locks. Unto him
her cradle, had she been as the p
lamb to cheer, and the soft-voice
to soothe his loneliness. For sh

t-born of a son, who had gone
ıim to heaven.
ifted his thin hand, and as he
to speak, his lip trembled, "Chil-
›ve each other. Life is full of
ı. But if ye are weary, this
love shall sustain, and when ye
be your comforter.
.ave been young, and now am
'et• this hath been my stay, and
g, in the house of my pilgrimage.
ye visit the turf-bed, where I
›on rest, remember my parting
to love each other in the fear of

hoary grandsire ceased, and the
vined her white arms around his
nd hid her face there, as she was
.o do when a child. Soon she
to the partner of her youthful

days, those blue eyes which no care had overshadowed; and there beamed from them the happiness of that holy love which many waters cannot quench, neither the floods drown.

And as I looked upon them, I praised Him who had appointed that sacred union, by which the strong may uphold the weak, and the weak solace the strong; and both, with a heightened faith and warmer charity, pass through the toils of time, to that great resting and rejoicing place, where they shall be sundered no more.

THE DEPARTURE.

I came, but she was gone.
There lay her lute
Just as she touch'd it last, at the soft hour
Of summer twilight, when the woodbine cups,
Through the rais'd casement, utter tender thanks
To her who trained them. On her favorite seat
Still lay her work-box open, and the book
That last she read, and careless near its page
A note, whose cover her slight pen had traced
With lines unconscious, while her lover spake
That dialect which brings forgetfulness
Of all beside. It was the pleasant home,
Where, from her childhood, she had been the star
Of hope and joy.

I came, and she was gone.
But this I knew, for I remember'd
Her parting look, when from the ε
With silvery veil, but slightly swε
How the young rose-leaf deep
cheek,
And on her brow a solemn beauty
Like one who gives a priceless gil
And there was silence. 'Mid
throng,
Even strangers, and the hard of
breath
With stifled sob, to see the mothe
Turn ghastly pale, and the tall, st
Bow with a secret sorrow, as he g
His darling to an untried guardia
And to a far-off clime. Perchanc
Travers'd the moss-grown prai
shores

Of the cold lakes—or those o'erhanging cliffs
And mighty mountain-tops, that rose to bar
Her log-reared mansion from the anxious eye
Of kindred and of friend.
Even triflers felt
How strong and beautiful is woman's love,
That taking in its hand its thornless joys,
The tenderest melodies of tuneful years,
Yes, and its own life also, lays them all
Meek and unblenching on a mortal's breast,
Reserving nought save the unspoken hope
That hath its root in God.
Mock not with mirth
A scene like this—ye laughter-loving ones—
Hence with the hackney'd jest. The dancer's heel—
What doth it here?
Joy, serious and sublime,
Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,

Should swell the bosom when a maiden's ha
Fresh from its young flower-gatherings, gir
on
That harness, which the minister of death
Alone unlooseth; and whose power doth ai
Or mar the journey of the soul to heaven.

FLOWER SEEDS.

In the heart's garden, are many plants. Some are goodly and of a sweet odor, but others are thorny and evil. All should beware, that only right seed is there scattered; for "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Bride, thou art about to plant a new garden. Fain would I make thee a gift of a few seeds. Wilt thou find room for them in thy good soil? There may they bloom for thee and thine in fresh beauty, when I rest in the grave.

Here is a small and rare seed. It is called Forgetfulness-of-self. It beareth a lowly and pure blossom, which is loved by all. It withdraweth itself that others

may be seen, and like the arbutus of the early spring, is traced by its fragrance. Under the curtain of its broad green leaf it hideth, gladdening all who pass by, with its perfume.

I bring thee also the seed of a species of balm. Its name is Cheerfulness. Man expects of woman that she should understand its culture, and gather it for him, when he is sad, or vexed by the world and its cares. Its flowers turn always toward the sun. They keep his smile in their bosom, though thick clouds veil the sky.

Here, too, are seeds of the thrifty vine, Industry. It is an evergreen, and maketh the porch of the cottage, or the columns of the lofty abode, beautiful. It climbeth up, and bindeth together loose, crumbling stones, with its strong

ace; weaving around them the ivy
its lustrous leaf, whose berries the
gladly bear to their chirping young.
covereth the fallen tree with a
t, green curtain; so, that "even if
cut down, it may sprout again,
the tender branch thereof will not
." Bees love to settle upon it, and
ssence ever liveth in their waxen
It flourisheth most with those
best know the value of time.
y last gift is the germ of Charity,
to God, and the beings whom He
made. Its amaranthine flower
r fades. Storms may come, but it
reth; frosts, but it faileth not;
er, but its vigor is unchanged. "It
eth all things, believeth all things,
th all things."
either doth it shrink at the chill of

death, or wither in the "dark vall
the shadow of death," for it min
with the garland that angels wear i
bowers of immortality.

Bride, wilt thou sow these seeds
I have brought thee, in the gard
the heart? They are seeds of h
ness. Nourish them daily with
dews of patience and the warm
prayer. So shall they make thy h
as a paradise, and earth the ima
heaven.

BRIDAL OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

No word! No sound! But yet a solemn rite
Proceedeth in yon throng'd and festive hall.
Hearts are in treaty, and the soul doth take
That oath, which, unabsolved must stand till death
With icy seal doth stamp the scroll of life.

No word! No sound! But still a holy man
With strong and graceful gesture, doth impose
The irrevocable vow, and with meek prayer
Present it, to be registered in heaven.

Methinks this silence heavily doth brood
Upon the spirit. Say, thou flower-crowned bride,

What means the sigh which from that ruby
Doth 'scape, as if to seek some element
That angels breathe?

Mute! Mute! 'tis passing strange!
Like necromancy all! And yet, 'tis well!—
For the deep trust with which a maiden cast
Her all of earth, perchance her all of heaven
Into a mortal's hand,—the confidence
With which she turns in every thought to hi
Her more than brother, and her next to God,
Hath never yet been shadowed forth in soun
Or told in language.

So, ye voiceless pair,
Pass on in hope. For ye may build as firm
Your silent altar in each other's hearts,
And catch the sunbeam through the clouds
time
As cheerily, as though the pomp of speech

Did herald forth the deed. And when ye dwell
Where flowers fade not, and death no treasured
link
Hath power to sever more,—ye need not mourn
The ear sequestrate, and the tuneless tongue;
For there, the eternal dialect of love
Is the free breath of every happy soul.

ר

HOME.

OME! sweet word and musical!
tone of the heart, at whose melody,
y the harp of Orpheus, all the trees
:s garden are moved; holy word!
ge from sadness and despair, best
of that eternal rest, for which we
, when the journey of life is ended!
ome! blessed spot! for which the
yearn, and the stranger sigheth,
ng people of a strange speech, where
taketh him by the hand, who seeth
ments glimmer through the evening
n, and firesides sparkle, but not for
!

'hat brighteneth the eye of the boy

who, returning from long absence at a distant school, findeth the swift car too slow? and of the voyager, who descrieth through opening mist the dim outline of his native hills? and of the mariner, pacing the lonely deck, in his night watch? One absorbing thought, one image,—*home! home!*

Blessed bride, thou art about to enter this sanctuary, and to become a priestess at its altar. When thy foot first presseth its threshold, ask, in thy secret soul, wisdom from above, to make the place of thy rest fair and holy.

Bring with thee the perennial flowers of a pure affection; and however humble may be thine abode, beautify it by neatness and order, and the ministries of love. Desire that it shall be thine own, and choose not to dwell under the

roof of another, that thou mayest avoid care.

A married man should have his true pre-eminence. At the table of another, he misseth the honor that belongeth unto the head of a household. He is subordinate, and may not show the hospitality which God commendeth.

For the sake of thine husband acquaint thyself with the knowledge that appertaineth unto a wife and a housekeeper. If thou art deficient in such knowledge, rest not till thou hast acquired it. It cometh readily to an attentive mind, and groweth with experience.

We applaud those who excel in the practice of their respective trades or professions; the architect who rears a building for use, and symmetry, and the

pilot who safely guides a vessel thr
deep and troubled waters.

We should be surprised if the
chant neglected the sale of his ware
the care of his account books; or i
farmer knew not the times to sow
to reap, and forgot to gather in
fruits of his harvest.

Should we not blame the seams
who, without skill in the use of
needle, demanded remuneration? an
teacher who was unacquainted witl
studies in which he professed to
instruction?

Seek thou, therefore, the praise
well-ordered household, where there
be a place for every thing, and every
in its place. So shalt thou win fr
just and generous heart, that respec
confidence which give perpetuity to

Defraud not, by continuing in igno-
ıce, him who chose thee, above all
ıers, to bear his name, and to share
ı fortunes, nor voluntarily make him
stranger to the comforts of home, that
ou mayest fold thy hands in indolence.
The Apostle hath said that "no man
'eth unto himself." More especially
ould a woman, when she hath promised
be no longer her own, renounce self,
the aim of her existence.

But if necessity constrain thee to be
dweller in the tents of others, be con-
nt, and seek the happiness of those
ho are around thee. Consider the
here in which thou art placed, as the
ıe in which God willeth thee to be;
ıd show kindness, and do good to all,
:cording to thine ability.

Count thy husband's relatives as thine

own; and if he hath parents, show the respect and tenderness of a daughter. Be grateful to them fo culture of his virtues, whose fruits art gathering, and under the shad whose branches thou dost repo peace.

Should his, or thine own parent side under the same roof with give thanks for the privilege. F thou mayest have opportunity to some portion of the affection of cradle-watchings, and tender care patience of hope.

Whatever service their feeble may require, render willingly, and a cheerful countenance. Covet prayers more than gold; and by piety win their blessing.

By the fireside, and at the board

in the presence of every guest, show them honor. Teach by thine own sweet example how to reverence the hoary head. For holy age is near unto the angels, and in laboring to make it happy, thou shalt please Him whose messengers they are.

Forgive me, Oh Bride, if in the time of thy joy I have spoken gravely unto thee of life's cares. Yet in these very cares, more than in the haunts of pleasure, or the giddiness of mirth, is the secret of woman's happiness.

Doubt not that in thy faithful efforts to make home beautiful and holy, the wings of guardian spirits shall enfold thy bosom, and give thee strength from above.

REEF SAILS.

I saw a bark with streamers gay,
  O'er Hymen's waters sweep,
Profusion dancing at the helm,
  And Prudence fast asleep.
So, not by Labor's ancient chart
  Its devious course it bent,
But fed the surge with other's gold
  When all its own was spent:
Reef sails! Reef sails! a whirlpool 's nigh,
  The thundering breakers sound,
Ho! change your reckoning, ere you sink
    In gulfs profound.

Young Beauty, on her gilded barge,
  Like Egypt's far-fam'd queen,

For whom, 'tis said, the world was lost,
With graceful form is seen;
The morn is fair, the breeze is rare,
And gliding on her way,
She deems each crested wave to her,
Doth rightful homage pay.
Reef sails! Reef sails! I spy a cloud,
Athwart the noontide skies,
A rocky strand, a wreck-strewn sand,
Be timely wise.

Pride steers ahead, with canvas spread,
And topmast towering high,
Regardless of the warning winds
That through the shrouds do sigh;
Reef sails! 'tis not for him of dust,
Whose fall the worm doth wait,
To magnify the fleeting trust
Of wealth, or high estate.

.eef sails! Reef sails! time's bubble breaks,
The stern grave claims its part,
.nd Heaven's acceptance only crowns
The lowly heart.

DUTIES.

Come forth from the bower where thine early years reposed, when thou wert wearied with wandering after wild flowers, or chasing the bright-winged butterfly. Come forth from the sheltered bay where thy fairy pinnace lingered, and take thy course upon the river of life.

The rose-bud is beautiful, but it hath not its full glory until the petals expand into their perfect orb. If the chestnut emerged not from its shell, who would praise its rich flavor? If the lily let not fall its hood, how could its grace and perfume reward the florist? The murmuring notes of the young bird charm

its mother, but the song hath no
pass till it ventureth from the nest.

The stream issueth from the fri
fountain that it may refresh the v
and hasting toward the great sea,
its destiny. Come thou forth, there
O Bride, into thine untried sphere,
the loveliness and dignity of a w
who trusteth in God.

Bring not with thee, the wee
vanity. It will disturb thy peace.
tenderness with which childhood
nurtured, the adulation of young be
the idolatry of courtship, must
away. Rest not thy happiness on
observances, lest disappointment
thee.

The blush of unfolding morn yie
to the changeful lustre of day; an
incense that was offered to the

fadeth before a higher, and more hallowed ritual.

When the romance beginneth to depart, and the gilding on the picture of young life is tarnished, be not startled or dejected, but call forth the good sense that taketh things as they are, and the sweet patience that winneth the victory.

Exact not, upbraid not; but by diligence and skill in thine own womanly sphere, seek to deserve respect, and hold on thy course in the meekness of wisdom.

Still, thou wilt never be able to resign the desire that thy heart's deep love should be reciprocated. For this is a part of thy woman's nature. Cherish, therefore, whatever will give permanence to affection. Feed it with the aliment

that called it into being; the smi
sweet word, the loving thought.

Preserve fitness of apparel, an
grace of manner, which outlivet
glow of beauty. Nourish thy min
knowledge, that thou mayest win l
respect.

If thou hast accomplishment
them not aside. For in so doing
art unjust to the state of matri
which God hath ordained. Study, r
how thou mayest render it attra
and adorn it with whatever is "l
and of good report."

Cherish not the illusion that tho
entered on a state of self-indulg
Count it thine honor, as it is thy
to be a helper to thy heart's friend.
sign not this prerogative for the r
sloth.

How is she a true yoke-fellow, who lighteneth not the burden of her companion? Or how is she an helpmeet, who, by extravagance, hangeth as a millstone around his neck, to plunge him in the deep waters?

Should he whom thou lovest be in debt, deny thyself, and aid with an earnest hand, till he is freed from that bondage. Make not thyself merry with that which of right belongeth to another, and of which he may be in need, lest heaviness enter into thy conscience.

If it be thy lot to have little, be content with that little. Whatever may be thine income, proportion thine expenses thereunto. Say not, my rich neighbor hath this or that luxury, therefore I must have the same; for so, thou shalt be a snare unto thine husband.

If thou hast abundance let thine hand be generous, for there is no pleasure in hoarding, but rather in making many happy by wise gifts. Yet be not unduly lavish, and consider thyself as a steward unto God.

Promptly and freely reward those who serve thee. Let none ask thee twice for their just dues. Neither be close in thy dealings with those who live by the labor of their hands; for to encourage industry is a true and wise benevolence.

Be liberal to the needle-woman, who worketh late at night, by the dim lamp, while thou sleepest. Render readily, and with kind words, her hard-earned pittance; peradventure, it is the bread of her young children. And remember always the poor and needy, for their blessings shall cheer thee, when riches

take unto themselves wings and flee away.

Gird thyself for thy new sphere, O Bride! with good resolves, as with a diamond cuirass, that resisteth the shafts of temptation. However clouds may thicken around thee, keep fair weather in thine own heart.

Find the harmony that exists between life's duties and its joys. See that every day is a link in that harmony. Its key-tone is a will subdued to the Divine Will. Make thy whole life as a song of praise.

THE ORPHAN'S APPEAL.

He to whose side we fondly stole,
  And sat upon his knee,
When pleasure filled our infant soul,
  The Father, where is he?

She, too, who clasped us to her breast
  With tenderest love and care,
And on our cheek warm kisses prest,
  Where is that Mother, where?

Oh ye, who fain with angel skill,
  Our suffering lot would aid,
And strive the fearful chasm to fill,
  That in our joys it made,

Who ne'er the orphan's cry reject,
  But with protecting arm,
Protect us from the world's neglect,
  And from the tempter's harm,

God be your strength in sorrow's day
  And from his heavenly throne,
The bounty and the love repay,
  That you to us have shown.

BENEVOLENCE.

A YOUNG wife sate in her new home. The simple parlor was beautiful with neatness and taste. Here and there, among vases of flowers, mingled the bridal gifts of friends who were dear, and each one told some story of their love.

In the grate glowed a cheerful fire, for autumn scattered chilliness in the air, and the brown, eddying leaves rustled beneath the tread. A calm smile was on the brow of the gentle one. She awaited the return of her husband from his daily cares, and her thoughts were busy for his comfort and happiness.

She laid aside her work-basket, and closed the book which she had been reading, for the duskiness of gathering clouds precluded an early twilight. As she mused, hallowed joy brightened in her serene eyes, and she murmured, "What shall I render unto God for all his goodness?"

A voice answered her, "Comfort one sorrowing soul." Then she wrapped her mantle around her, and hasted to the near abode of a poor woman, who suffered from sickness.

As she stood by the lowly bed, she seemed to the sad one who gazed on her, as an angel of light. "The Lord reward thee! Wherefore should one so happy think of me? Is it not because I prayed, again to see thy face before I die?"

The lovely one spake in low soothing tones, "I think that thou art not so soon to pass away. Lift up thy head with hope. Thou hast put thy trust in the dear Saviour. He will be near when thou walkest through the dark vale. Doubt not that it shall be well with thee."

And the sick answered, "Yea, so I believe. I fear not to go forth from this body when God calleth." Then she pointed to her little daughter and said, "Yet one thought weigheth heavily upon me. Shall my child be taken to the alms-house? or fall into the hands of the wicked or unkind?"

"Would that I might leave her with thee. Bring her up as thy servant, and teach her to fear God." The young wife bade the poor woman be of good

comfort, for she would keep her request in her heart. Then she gave into her hand what she had brought for her relief, and returned full of thought, and of that peace which the world giveth not.

As the table with its fair white cloth was made ready for her husband, he entered, and full of delight, blessed God for her, who made his home as a paradise. She told him how the time had passed in his absence, and spake of her visit to the sick woman, and of the little daughter who waited on her.

Looking earnestly into her eyes, he said, "I see an unspoken wish. Hide it not from me, thou who art dearer than my life." Then she answered, "I would fain give shelter to the child, and bring her up, when she shall be motherless."

And he said, "She is young. Will

she not make thee trouble? and be a care unto thee?" But she replied, "I will so teach her that she shall be useful, and lead an industrious life. If she bringeth some care, I am willing to meet it. Ah! let not my heart grow selfish in the great happiness that God hath given me."

Then said the husband, "Do as thou wilt, for the Lord is with thee." Winter was upon the earth, when the orphan child came to the home of the newly-married. The heart that had pitied was wise as well as kind, and while her body was nourished and clothed, her mind received instruction in the virtues that were becoming to her station.

The child grew, and when she who reared her needed aid, her hands were swift to help; and if she was sick, her

young heart was full of sorrow. When other servants deserted, she stood faithful at her post, and if they spake evil, she looked upon them with grave and reproachful eyes. So the young wife continued to reap good fruit from her care of the orphan. She enjoyed the luxury so dear to the feeling heart, of being served from love.

Sweet friend, who art so happy in thy new home, remember the motherless child who hath none to teach her, whose little heart reacheth forth tendrils to be blighted by coldness, perchance trodden down in sin. If thou takest her under thine own roof, how knowest thou but thou shalt save a soul from death?

If thou dost patiently train her, in diligence and the fear of God, thou mayest hope for her ready help and lasting

gratitude; though hirelings who seek only for gain, may leave thee suddenly, in anger, and peradventure slander thee, to cover the wrong they themselves have done.

Among thy charities, keep ever in view that desolate orphanage, which hath need of protection and guidance. Succor its helplessness and enlighten its ignorance, lest it fall a prey to the wicked and be plunged in ruin, both for time and eternity.

Yet should thy labor of love fail here of a just reward, there shall be heard at last, from the excellent glory, a Voice, to whose melody earth's richest music is but discord, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto ME."

THE SOLEMN BRIDAL.

WITH glowing brow, the vernal Sun
  Took farewell of the day,
And many a casement mirrored back
  The glory of the ray,

While on his snowy pillows propped,
  A noble form was seen,
With the same tender, parting thought
  Depicted on his mien.

Then to his daughter, thus he spake:
  "Haste thou, thy nuptial rite;
For fain these eyes that light forsakes
  Would look upon the sight."

With urgent words, a holy priest
  Was summoned to his side,
And meekly by her lover rose
  The young and gentle bride.

She wore no garland in her hair,
  Nor jewel flashing high,
But on her cheek a rose-leaf tinge,
  And pearl-drops in her eye—

Nor festive group, nor joyous friend,
  The solemn ritual cheered,
Save the sad servants at the door,
  But one lone guest appeared.

The father of the dying saint
  Stood near, with snow-white hair,
Whom more than four-score years had bowed
  And furrowed o'er with care.

And now the mystic ring was given,
  That weddeth heart to heart,
And linked the irrevocable vow
  That naught but death must part,—

While still that fixed and glazing eye,
  Half-wrapped in angel-dream,
Regardful of each faint response,
  And mingled prayer did seem;

But when the benediction closed,
  With pinions heavenly bright,
And smile, no mortal hue might paint,
  The spirit took its flight.

Lo! then uprose that reverend sire,
  With voice inspired and clear,
And clasped his withered hands, and gave
  Thanks to the Savior dear,

And bade them praise the Hand that bore
  To realms of perfect day,
The soul that on its pilgrim-course
  Had served the Lord alway.

But she, the orphan, kneeling low,
  With sobs and bursting sighs,
Pressed to her lips the clay-cold hands,
  And dared not lift her eyes.

How blessed was that hallowed love,
  Empowered to be her stay,
To quell the agony of grief
  And soothe its pain away.

And blessed was the old man's faith,
  That 'mid this parting woe
Made bright the Glorious Meeting-place
  Where his own feet should go;

But far more blest the enfranchised soul,
  That high o'er earthly ground
Upsoaring through the Eternal Gates,
  Its full fruition found.

HYMN.

Not for the summer hour alone,
  When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
  Our hearts and hands we join;

But for those stern and wintry days
  Of peril, pain, or fear,
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make
  This earthly journey drear.

Not for this span of time alone
  That like the shuttle's play,
Or like the flowret of the grass
  Doth gleam, and pass away,

But for a being without end,
  Our vows of love we take,
And when this house of clay is riven,
Grant us, at last, *one home* in heaven,
  For our Redeemer's sake.

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